

Faculty of Music,
University of Toronto

and

The Canadian Aldeburgh Foundation

present

Peter Pears, Tenor **Osian Ellis, Harp**

MACMILLAN THEATRE
EDWARD JOHNSON BUILDING

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1976
8:30 P.M.

1. Morning Hymn

Henry Purcell
arr. Benjamin Britten

Thou wakefull Shepherd, that does Israel keep,
Rais'd by thy goodness from the bed of sleep;
To thee I offer up this Hymn, as my best morning sacrifice,
May it be gracious, in thine eyes,
To raise me from the bed of sin:
And do I live to see another day, I vow, my God, I vow
Henceforth to walk thy ways,
And sing thy praise,
All those few days thou shalt allow.
Could I redeem the time I have mispent, in sinfull merriment;
Could I untread those paths I led,
I would so expiate each past offence,
That ev'n from thence,
The innocent should wish themselves like me,
When with such crimes they such repentance see;
With joy I'd sing away my breath
Yet who can dye so to receive his death?

I attempt from love's sickness

I attempt from love's sickness to fly in vain,
Since I am myself my own fever and pain.
No more now, fond heart, with pride no more swell,
Thou canst not raise forces enough to rebel.
For love has more power and less mercy than fate,
To make us seek ruin, and love those that hate.
I attempt from love's sickness to fly in vain,
Since I am myself my own fever and pain.

Music for a while

Music for a while
Shall all your cares beguile,
Wond'ring how your pains were eas'd
And disdaining to be pleas'd
Till Alecto free the dead
From their eternal bands,
Till the snakes drop from her head,
And the whip from out her hands.

Take not a woman's anger ill

Take not a woman's anger ill,
But let this be your comfort still,
That if one won't, another will.

Though she that's foolish does deny,
She that is wiser will comply,
And if 'tis but a woman, what care I?

Then who'd be damned to swear untrue,
And sigh and weep, and weep and whine and woo
As all simple coxcombs do?

All women love it, and though this,
Sullenly forbids the bliss,
Try but, the next, you cannot miss.

2. Harfenspieler Lieder (Goethe)

Franz Schubert
Translated by Philip L. Miller

Songs of the Harp Player

- i. He who gives himself to solitude,
ah, he is soon alone;
others live, others love
and leave him to his torment.

Yes, leave me my affliction!
And if I can only once
be really lonely,
then I am not alone.

A lover steals softly and listens —
is his beloved alone?
So day and night
I the lonely one am stalked by pain,

I the lonely one am stalked by torment.
Ah, once I am
lonely in my grave,
they will leave me alone!

- ii. I will steal to the doors;
quiet and humble will I stand;
an honest hand will offer me food,
and I will go my way.
Everyone will consider himself fortunate,
when my image appears to him;
one tear will he shed,
and I know not why he weeps.

- iii. He who has never eaten his bread with tears,
who never sat through sorrowful nights
weeping on his bed,
he knows you not, ye heavenly powers!

You bring us into life;
you let the poor man go astray,
then leave him to his torture,
for every sin avenges itself upon this earth!

(For him the light of the morning sun colors
the clear horizon with flames;
then over his guilty head
the beautiful picture of the world collapses.)

46
3551

432

not
out

3. **Harp Sonata in D Major**
Allegro — Andante — Gavotte

219
1220
1405

John Parry

4. **A sa guitare — Ronsard to his guitar**

Francis Poulenc

I sing to thee, my guitar, by whom alone I deceive,
I break up, I enchant the loves that I receive. Your
harmonious tune cools my ardour, infinite flame
born from a beautiful misfortune.

Rêves — Dreams

Maurice Ravel

A child runs around the marbles . . . A voice arises
from the heights nearby . . . The so tender eyes of those
who love you pass dreamily between the trees . . . The
grand organ of some railway station roars with the
waves of the great departures . . . In an old dream,
in a hazy landscape, brief things that die sensibly . . .

2'33

The Saint (Sainte)

Maurice Ravel

So calm and still the holy saint
Stands in a frame of gilded wood,
Where viols are carved and horns and cymbals quaint,
And the blest, holy rood.

And the pale saint holds in his hands
The ancient book in red and gold
From which as holy church commands
Was chanted the High Mass of old.

A coloured window over all,
And angel with harp of gold,
sweeping the strings,
sheds light when shadows fall.

And so with his viols and psalter,
Amid the faded gilded wood,
Within his niche above the altar
The holy saint for years has stood.

Oh, great musician of the silence.

1'21

2'21

Five Greek Folksongs

Maurice Ravel

- i. Wake up my dear, wake up my dear, my bonny birdie,
Ah, wake up my dear, wake up my dear, my bonny birdie,
Spread thy white wings 'tis morning,
spread thy white wings 'tis morning,
With thy beauty, love, this heart of mine is burnt
With thy beauty, love, this heart of mine is burnt.
- A ribbon, love, I bring to thee, say, wilt thou wear it?
A ribbon, love, I bring to thee, say, wilt thou wear it?
Binding thy hair, thy hair as bright as gold,
Binding thy hair, thy hair as bright as gold.
Love, come let us marry, we are young and gay! 120
Dearest, do not tarry, None will say us nay.
- ii. Out there, where the church tow'r
Tow'r of Ayio Sidero doth shine, 140
oh blessed Virgin, doth shine, Ayio Costanndino
the people have come, from all parts of the world they come
in crowds, oh blessed Virgin,
the faithful and pious people.
- iii. Which gallant, which gallant can compare with me,
Love, of all you see pass by?
Say, oh, proud Vasiliki?
See my sword, the sword I draw so freely, 32"
see my pistols bright and new . . .
And, oh love, I love you.
- iv. Oh, my best beloved,
My heart's treasure, my dearest one,
oh my joy
Thou whom I love so well.
Thou'rt like an angel come from Heaven.
And when thou comest, dear, 240
Like angel bright with smiling eyes,
Like an angel fair in the clear sunshine
Then, oh love am I worn with sighing.
- v. Be gay, gay,
Love, be gay, so gay,
Love, so gay.
See, the moon shines tireli, so brightly;
Come and dance, love, come and trip so lightly.
Trala la la la la
la ra la la la
la la la la la tra la la 45"

INTERMISSION.

5. Harp Suite in C major, Op. 83

Benjamin Britten

Overture — Toccata — Nocturne —
Fugue — Hymn (St. Denio)

6. A Birthday Hansel, Op. 92 (Robert Burns)

Benjamin Britten

First Toronto Performance

"A Birthday Hansel" i.e. a birthday gift, was written at the special wish of H.M. The Queen for her mother's 75th birthday in August 1975.

Birthday Song

Health to our well-lo'ed Hielan Chief!
Health, ay unsour'd by care or grief:
Inspir'd, I turn'd Fate's sibyl leaf,
This natal morn,
I see thy life is stuff o' prief,
Scarce quite half-worn

All hail, auld birkie! Lord be near ye,
And then the Deil, he daurna steer ye:
Your friends ay love, your faes ay fear ye,
For me, shame fa' me,
If neist my heart I dinna wear ye,
While BURNS they ca' me.

(Slightly adapted from 'To John Maxwell, Esq.,
of Terraughty, on his birthday')

My Early Walk

A rose bud by my early walk,
Adown a corn-inclosed bawk,
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
All on a dewy morning.

Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled;
In a' its crimson glory spread,
And drooping rich the dewy head,
It scents the early morning.

Within the bush her covert nest
A little linnet fondly prest,
The dew sat chilly on her breast
Sae early in the morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,
On trembling string or vocal air,
Shall sweetly pay the tender care
That tents thy early morning.

So thou, sweet Rose bud, young and gay,
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the Parent's evening ray
That watch'd thy early morning.

Wee Willie

Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet,
Peel a willow-wand, to be him boots and jacket:
The rose upon the breer will be him trews and doublet,
The rose upon the breer will be him trews and doublet.

Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet,
Twice a lily-flower will be him sark and cravat;
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet,
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet.

My Hoggie

What will I do gin my Hoggie die,
My joy, my pride, my Hoggie?
My only beast, I had nae mae,
And vow but I was vogie.

The lee-lang night we watch'd the fauld,
Me and my faithfu' doggie;
We heard nocht but the roaring linn,
Amang the braes sae scroggie.

But the howlet cry'd frae the castle wa',
The bitter frae the boggie,
The tod reply'd upon the hill —
I trembled for my Hoggie.

When day did daw, and cocks did crow,
The morning it was foggie;
An unco tyke lap o'er the dyke,
And maist has killed my Hoggie.

Afton Water

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green crested lapwing thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering Fair.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As, gathering sweet flowerets, she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet River, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

1838

The Winter

The winter it is past, and the summer comes at last,
And the small birds, they sing on ev'ry tree;
Now ev'ry thing is glad, while I am very sad,
Since my true love is parted from me.

The rose upon the brier, by the waters running clear,
May have charms for the linnet or the bee;
Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest,
But my true love is parted from me.

Leezie Lindsay

Will ye go to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay?
Will ye go to the Hielands wi' me?
Will ye go to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay,
My pride and my darling to be?

Next Event: November 21, 1976 — University of Toronto Symphonic
Wind Ensemble, 3 p.m.

*Irish
Settles*) *Yates*

Down by the Sally Golno

The Ploughboy

Walley - Walley

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156
331*

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